

# RANJANA PIERIS

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Bodmin Landscape Project: Unofficial notes

29th May to 2nd July

Saturday 29th of May,

This is the second version / edition of my notes since the first note book was almost totally destroyed on 2nd of June, a Wednesday, after heavy rainfall. I was given this notebook on the 4th of June, a Friday, when we were free for a day. I will try to rewrite everything as it was written on the day ...

I suppose every journey has a beginning and this one is no different. I woke on the 29th feeling ill, my brothers illness had passed over me. I wanted to leave this evening before as an excuse for turning up on Sunday. As it was Eric was against me and I could not get in contact with the fieldwork supervisor, Dr. Jan Threlton. I made up my mind finally and started packing my bags on Friday. (I am unsure of what I said here but I believe

it referred to my great dislike of being away from home). This weakness that I chose to be away for a month more liked to say. But it is because of this weakness that I decided to be away for a month. I still can't believe that in this journey I am by myself. Now it is that I have made up like this? I am myself whether I have the competence to continue this journey or not. I have always been in the company of strangers or the stubbornness to fight the deep flow within my character.

I don't know what will meet me when I arrive at Bodrum but I usually stop afterwards. Something I notice when I stop reading the alarm clock to wake up. (don't know what this exactly means but I get the feeling that when I get to the place I need an alarm clock or wake up).

This book is here at all times. It is important to look into the characters of the people I meet. I also hope to carry out



some studies over there (I was on the train at the time). I hope I make a few good friends, something I have not made for a long time.

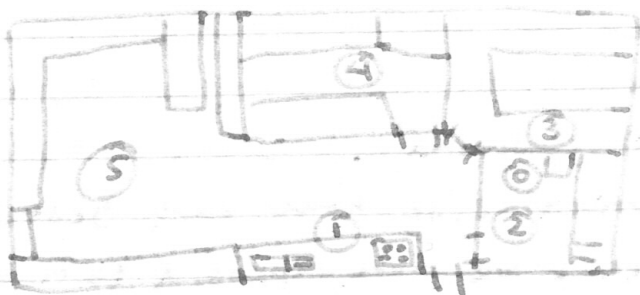
30th of May, Sunday.

I arrived 2.30 hours early yesterday believing that we were supposed to meet up at 6.00 PM which it was really at 2.30 PM. If I had gone along with this last time I would not have forgotten some crucial items such as those clothes and mister aigao razor for my own. I spent this time reading up Robert Jordan's book.

When we were collected, at 7.30 PM, I felt an unbearable loss - no, simply put I missed home when I realized that I would be away for a month - closer to five weeks.

Things are not so bad at the campsite. The caravan has a television, a kitchen - with all the required utensils, and a bathroom-toilet. It is quite cosy. On my way home arranged

it. Unfortunately I am sharing an extremely small room which can hardly accommodate two people.



Key 1. Kitchen

2. Bathroom + toilet

3. Single large bedroom

4. Small double bedroom

5. Living room - Television, couch, table and seats.

I am sharing my room with Andrew (numbered) Poole. His accent would reveal a South African and possibly somewhere more. He and I talked a bit about the cricket yesterday. I believe he must be a project supervisor or a kind of a manager for the company. He is a very nice person - friendly and

who uses the single bedroom arrived at 1.30 AM yesterday - No sorry I hear today. At the time Andrew was sleeping in the single bedroom - we decided that there was no point wasting a good opportunity when it was clear that both of us could have their own privacy. (This of course was not said but I am sure as hell that we were both thinking about it).

All the people appear friendly. I know Katsa, Nigel and Andrew somewhat better than the rest.

Katia is from Switzerland - her interests appear to be somewhat similar to mine, that is to observational interviews. Her main interest is in Prehistory which I find a very difficult term to comprehend - a relative term. She has travelled throughout south asia, mainly Nepal, India and Sri Lanka and I got the feeling that she enjoyed the bulk of the experience she got with native people. She was also very with the old world war veterans

in Tamil Nadu and other regions where she was suspicious of the motives of some people.

Differently in the Badmin Project she is one of the photographers. Nigel is a Native student who works in a hotel. He is the guy responsible for helping people (I cannot remember the exact term.) He is currently in the 5th year of his studies. Good command of language and an overly optimistic person. His attempts are to be friendly to all people. Clearly-knew from his grade and ingrained within himself. His communication at times reveals him as the submissive one - too much if you ask me, and he talks too much showing an interest in just about anything.

I am a very suspicious person by nature. Even though I am outwardly friendly and helpful. I don't really know what the motives and purposes of these people are. I will keep my eyes open so as to be aware of who is what they really are. I get the feeling that they, although being good people, could not

fit into the role of trusted friend, well all  
apart from Kevin who is a very good person.

However I will try not to erect this barrier  
prematurely.

20th Nov. 1978. Sunday. 10th Nov. 1978.

We went to the site at 2.00 PM. I was  
impressed by its sheer magnitude. It stood  
out from the rest of the landscape - a monolith  
of stone similar to a ziggurat or a pyramid.  
The best part was when it actually showed itself  
from the mist. I was looking for it as I  
approached but could not see it. Then as I  
got closer the mist became clearer and it  
just stood out... It impressed me, not  
because people had lived there or due to its  
archaeological interest but because of its  
pleasing aesthetic qualities. Wonderful.

I met Mark today. He is the third  
member of our working group. A Canadian,  
though his most words too much like an  
American. He shows great interest in the  
knowledge of others. Communication is his

with others - He has a strong character and  
has a clear position when it comes to many  
and political questions. I was impressed  
with these qualities but note his attitude  
out. I have not completely constructed his  
character yet. Though carrying the extreme  
aspects of Nigel he does not show the  
submissive qualities.

Monday 31st May.

Freezing out on the site - Having the  
11 am tea break. The groups can be  
observed

Group 1, Katie

Andrew, Andrew,

5. Andrew, myself

5. Simon, Simon

?

?

3

? 22

Mike, Sue, Fay

4

Nigel.

It really feels cold. I am shaking and  
wondering this. Introduced to the site. I  
can see that my remarks are being

different from the surrounding is not completely correct. There are mountains with similar deposits.

Less cold, much better when we are working. I hardly feel the cold. We are currently eating lunch at a structure supposedly representing a house. A rough circle which forms the house. The entrance faced downhill looking into a small stream valley. I believe it might have been larger with more trees during the bronze age.

Met the Supervisor - Mike, in charge when Sue is away. He entered to all the new people - a psyche test to assess the capabilities of the people. He works himself as a confident man - I would not want to work under him. He wants the job done properly.

1st of June, Sunday.

My purpose to allocate people to work

active. I fear I might ~~not~~ <sup>be</sup> more creative  
than friends. I think this is due to my  
deeply suspicious nature. I am  
angry at ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> beliefs of life.  
A difficulty born out of my beliefs is  
the equalities and the universal similarity  
of all people. I suppose I am biased in  
favor of my own views. Can't help that.  
But I get the feeling she views me as a  
child. - a big difference of opinion.

Right now we are having lunch - the  
hour long. Met Richard - another vice  
supervisor. I should write down the vice  
hierarchy just for fun. I now know the  
names of nearly all the people.

Can spot the individual people. Those  
<sup>we</sup> who either unconcerned with the world or  
maintain some distance from the rest, still  
visible enough. Easy and obvious ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> obvious  
and maintain a distance from the rest.  
Placing themselves possibly within the  
hierarchy. Easy and obvious ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> obvious



top of the rock, next to the turf cuttings.  
 And I gave the appearance of being separate  
 but also being part of the group. I was  
 very nervous as to how Dr Hamilton  
 would see this, would she think that  
 I had some anger with the group? that I  
 had got tired of the group? Her views and  
 everyone else's matter's very much to me.  
 And I attempted to keep my distance  
 without making how I was feeling very  
 clear. This of course is not saying that  
 I was tired of the group or that I was  
 home sick. (I am not, though I did  
 think how things were in Hamilton that day).  
 So I assumed the pose of sleeping and  
 had that alert sleep that I have always  
 been having here. As soon as this  
 clearing lunch is over - I get up  
 with my travel kit and. There will  
 be a bunch of work. I have to  
 be trying to learn the experience

interpret features), how they interpret the site and how the whole archaeological process is carried out. Surprisingly I don't feel bored or so tired as to say I can't work any longer. I don't complain about the work because it is a challenge - to learn and to experience - which nourishes my need for knowledge and understanding.

At the site we took off another spic and I as usual cleaned between rocks - Not exactly fun especially since I got myself hurt and scratched trying to reach between difficult granites. & then there is the cleaning of it which is sometimes impossible! It's just getting it right so that Mike is pleased. I don't ever complain that the work has been done badly.

After collecting the earth we sieved it. Beyond the usual looking for some small fragments we look out for...

I went found nothing so far by  
 leaving Mike's trench. Ben's guy hardly  
 anyone has found anything substantial.  
 Mike is generally pleased by our good  
 work... He said that so far he hasn't  
 found anything on the spoil heap. I  
 suggested ~~the~~ <sup>just</sup> was a laugh that it  
 was due to our good group being the  
 best. Of course this was not the real  
 reason, the real reason being the  
 good weather we have had so far.

Katie was leaving the day after. I  
 wanted to say goodbye and hopefully tell  
 her to keep contact. However this I will  
 allude to later on. I returned home  
 happy (as did Kenneth) due to our belief  
 that Andrew was returning. I decided  
 to prepare a meal (Chinese stir fried  
 chicken). Well we needed two frying  
 pans so I went looking for another  
 frying pan. Tess' and Sam's were being

wed. so I went over to Katie's to get one. Katie was not in but Katie was. I invited her to dinner but she was already going to Don's. Then and I said that I would buy her a drink 'tonight'. she accepted and I was very pleased that she did. Well as it turned out I did not get her that drink due to some difficulties with the people present.

Here I refer to the presence of Aaron, Tony, Connor, Don, Liz and Mike. I find it difficult to talk in front of large groups especially if I don't know them. I well the problem is that they will talk behind my back and claim that 'I have similar emotions as others. I don't want to appear 'normal' and I have always tried to keep some distance from too much involvement. Anyway I believe Mike is very interested in Katie. He was keen to find her that day and he had this after way look which were probably

Those who have 'cert-in' interest. He was  
 not alone that day as the two Andrews  
 showed a similar interest in Katie.  
 I heard them talking about making  
 a move but they complained to each  
 other that there were too many people.  
 I guess they were in a similar position  
 to my own but unlike them I did  
 keep it to myself. I am very surprised  
 at the behaviour of these two - have  
 they no self control? (Fearing now I  
 can say this, especially since I too  
 had been bitten before). The  
 Andrews can be simply understood.  
 They go after my girl but it  
 is of particular interest. I cannot  
 disagree with this position but  
 neither do I follow it in such an  
 overt manner. Mike has been making  
 an attempt with Katie that night.  
 I overheard the conversation between

Arion and Mike. In some ways I'm happy, not that Mike failed (or slightly right) but that Kerie refused. This has only added to my admiration of Kerie's good character.

Went to sleep early - disappointed that Andrew had not come back. We had been so happy in Horise's car about Andrew's arrival. That Collette was not there was the first blow - that Andrew did not write later was another blow, but I slept knowing that he would be back the next day.

Sunday 26th of June

Today I was determined to say goodbye to Kerie but I could not lift myself to do so. Though I said goodbye when she passed us by near the car she did not notice. Her mind appeared to be too busy with other thoughts. I'd like to meet her when we get back to university.

Today we looked at possible features. They appear as brown areas (circles) usually contained within a complex of rabbit or vole burrows and set against the yellowish sub. However these are very difficult to spot - I can't be very clear as to how Mike determined how these features are observed - It was a lot to do with how potholes were intentionally placed within the hut. and to the slight discoloration occurring in the earth's soil.

The feature is cut and half of it is excavated. I was very careful when excavating the feature - too careful and too slow. At first I didn't know how to do it properly so I looked round at the others. They were going very fast, I didn't want to look bad but neither did I want to destroy a possible feature. I could just hear Mike saying "what are you doing" (of course I heard this

as (3PO said in Star Wars Supremacy).  
H-1P the time - know... all the time I worked  
I did not know what I was doing. Mike is  
confident - as the supervisor I could not  
believe that he could have any other attitude.

Most day I stayed, again, away from  
the company of people. The reason behind this  
was due to particular people and my  
need for space. Even when I am half asleep  
I listen what these people say. I am  
happy that I am not in the eternal presence  
of Aaron, that an inferiority complex that  
could build. However, this does not mean  
that I despise the qualities he carries. In  
fact I admire those qualities - though I  
know that having them is not that  
important at all.

Mike (Larwood) is one of those  
people who has not come to terms with  
his own weakness. I fear that he is  
stuck at the level where feeling better



partially rests with knowing that someone else is better. At times this quality angers me but somehow my E will hold me and I return to that constant apathy - or is it something else. (So what I say, they might call me many things but it doesn't bother me. They call me a Fascist - a communist an idealist but so what? I would hate them and sometimes I do ... even I remember so what? if I am good to them they can only feel bad. ~~£~~... but I don't do what is right to get back at anyone ... I do it because it will otherwise be wrong.)

To see Andrew coming was great... So happy to see that guy coming out on driveway in Collette (I had only heard of the name of the car the day before). I quickly put my shoes on and tried to take a photo of him getting out of his car - too late but I got one of it.

entering the classroom. I was really happy to see him and I believe he was happy to see me. I got the feeling that Mike (Gorman) felt left out, but then he would not have understood some of the stuff we were talking about. Since I had nothing made for him to eat (oddly enough Gorman thinks that I have a big attraction to food. This is not completely incorrect but it is one of those stereotypes that I helped to build as a tool of humor. Oddly enough building a stereotype is one of the best means of making people laugh without picking on anyone or being rude). I don't feel bad when this happens but neither am I happy it happens, especially when it goes out of control - that is the stereotype assumes a life and character of its own.

Went to sleep less happy and included for me. And as usual - big differences

students with much experience. They appear to  
 mix with people. I want included in the  
 experienced people know more with the  
 students. not to go end of work.

to the character of the unknown as well as the site. Once I said that his jokes sometimes became irritating but it is one of those trademarks which makes him stand out.

Monday 19<sup>th</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> of June (I have been a day behind all my dates - I was sure that I knew the date - what happened to the extra / other day).

Travelled to site in Andrews car. There were three of us in the car - Andrews, Andrew and myself. Went to make those jokes and Andrews eccentric behaviour back - (well sort of eccentric - I've never ever met anyone like him before)

On site I was still at Mike's, clearing features out (opping the other half) and clearing around the area - (after photographs were taken). I still don't understand how these features were identified, how close to the

211 111  
Borithic way was great. I no longer  
felt the urge to be separate ~~but~~ and I  
did not miss the Westmoorgate way.  
Even the Westmoorgate way was my hold  
'open' sites but the Borithic way  
is formed of a contoured landscape  
which gives you more of a sense of  
travel. Understanding this experience  
now leads me to conclude that I  
was near to depression not because I  
missed the landscape but because I  
felt alienated from those I walked with.

I carried out my morning walk alone  
(the previous week). The difference in  
landscape between Borithic and Westmoorgate  
was incredible. I believe the former  
reminded me of some African plain. I  
realize that it might have been too green  
but with the presence of the herding  
animals (with their appearance against the  
landscaped) it felt so. I now guide

myself according to the various 'outcrops' in the landscape. I was amazed last week that some notice to the landscape could guide me exactly to the tool shed. Maybe it isn't that important but as I normally follow others and this time I followed the landscape.

At site we took off another spit from house one so as to notice any possible features. Well we did reveal some possible features but these were small very narrow ridges and to the west part would have been unacceptable. It would appear that Mike and Sue are somewhat desperate to find some features.

The refilling of some new bags today. Richards Trench B was refilled and refilled today by Pora and Susan. They are fast workers - partly due to their fitness and partly because they were as tired as I and probably the

rest

Andrew and Hannah were having their usual adult conversation. This does not border on the 'jokes' made by some in the first years but revolves around experiences and their particular character. What is it that makes these two so good at talking to each other? Their age is generally similar and to an extent neither can be seen as being normal (then hardly anyone I have met so far could be called normal). I did not feel alienated from the group as I was clearly part of a small group - Thanks to Andrew's presence. (I give Andrew too much credit only because he is not part of any group - groups make communication restrictive by their very being).

Apparently she has called me a gentleman - I heard this from Mike - well I can't say that I am. If anything I can do the right thing and more

of the time I do it is a means of self defence and because I know no other way. Some call me a moralist and are struck with some disbelief over my claims to Christianism - why should the rules of my life be aimed to be those derived from a god? I accept the need for some rules not because some god exists but because I have chosen to follow some rules - ones which will make for good behaviour and a better life. Well, I don't believe of the latter but even if life is tragic, right is enough in itself.

That night I cooked spaghetti bolognese for everyone in the caravan. As usual they were pleased with what I had made. I know it isn't much but it was a demonstration of friendship and their compliments were a means of ~~either~~ recognizing this and a measure of thanking. As usual I was very pleased that I had managed



to feed us all, with enough left for seconds.

That night Patrick came over for his interview. I didn't feel any animosity any longer caused some controversy in the Caribbean by saying that Cornwell nationalism was a load of 'shit' and that Undanchi was a Sri Lankan even though he had lived in Canada for 30 years (according to Garreth). Sure he had lived there for a long time but he was born in Sri Lanka and if anything he is a Sri Lankan who is living in Canada - A Sri Lankan Canadian, not solely a Canadian. What Garreth talks of is pure liberal nonsense - ~~what's new~~ way of viewing the world is seen to be higher than any other way of viewing the world. Why does he talk so much? does he feel that he has something important to say? I am getting tired of listening - This was one of the reasons I tried to get some

distance. It wasn't Mike at all it was  
 Garrett (well almost) with his over the top  
 comments. He shows too high a level  
 of interest in women - sure its right  
 to do so - but the way he does it and  
 then tells everyone is a bit sick. He  
 should keep things to himself, especially  
 close of this material. I find it odd that  
 he is so interested in talking about  
 everything - clearly what I would be in  
 of him / wise guy, is the correct term  
 for Garrett. There is something which  
 makes Garrett unstable - His over  
 sexual comments and the simmering  
 anger and ~~phys~~ physical combativeness (that  
 is ready to take physical action) make  
 him in my eyes slightly unstable. I get  
 the feeling that maybe at heart he needs  
 to show some open superiority - He needs  
 to feel that he is better than the rest.  
 I would like to call this "idiot" complex

but then I might be using my own bias. I get the feeling that he does not know what polite behavior is. I guess he is a bright spirited large boy seeing the world only through his own eyes. This understanding is a quality which adds to that shimmering angel - it is not already part of it. Humility, though, none - I know because he must feel content to everything and say so. I have never met such an individual and I hope that there are few more. He also openly says he is eccentric & clearly he is constructing his own self image rather than living with a bridge which he might be that he feels he need to work for individualism and a different attitude. Populations are not so much as individuals still. I think he is a bit of a rebel.

Tuesday 28th of June

Good weather in the morning, before

depressive, turned into bad weather when we arrived at site. Raining is not the most fun thing to do in the rain but I do what must be done and what needs to be done. As the weather got better I was given the opportunity to open a feature section which proved to be a definite feature. I am getting better at finding features which seems to be a good thing - finally I am getting the eye of the archaeologist.

Talked a bit to Mike (Supervisor), A very decent guy - Apparently he has had 18 different jobs including delivery clerk. Aaron asked what this means - what Mike delivered - and found out that Mike delivered Bread. Aaron and the rest (including myself) laughed and smiled when Aaron suggested that Mike was a 'Bread boy'. I and Connor couldn't help but smile for some time.

In a way I felt sorry for Mike - that we were laughing at him over this.

However Mike appears to have found his niche.

~~the~~ Wednesday 30th of June.

I am writing this on Friday (I have been late writing my journal letter for the past week now)

Richard joined us today in our journey to Leskenick. (He was also there the last day). Today we decided to get some pasties and some postcards in Canelford. Andrew had to return to the caravan site as Richard had forgotten his waterproofs. So Gareth and I had to wait in Canelford while Andrew till Andrew got back. Gareth regards Richard as an idiot - he has no respect ~~or~~ ~~to~~ or for Richard.

Friday 4th of May,

I don't know what these guys are up to - whether they are joking or being serious - but it is enjoyable to listen to what they have to say. I get the feeling that they are working on Tess and anyone else. What is difficult, again, is to place whether they are joking or not. This is especially true for Andrew who talks of the most insane things. Harriet just feeds these insane things. Their primary beliefs are based on suspicion of other individuals or the circumstances.

Andrew, Harriet, Tess and Katie went to some cove by the seaside - village probably.

Both came back tired and somewhat depressed. I stayed behind as I was feeling too ill and had to get some work done. They will come on to the ends of the earth. I get the feeling that the day could have been more productive.

3rd of July.

Return from the site - It was only that morning that I realized the excavation was over. The excavation ended in a disappointing manner. Those whom I had known - worked with - did not say many farewells but proceeded on their separate journeys. I talked to Garreth about this on my way to Bodmin Parkway station. Andrew had left on Thursday evening and now I found myself saying goodbye to Garreth, who went off earlier than I to high high and who I met at the busstop near the shell petrol station. Garreth is an individual - he keeps a good distance from people but in the knowledge that people are very useful. I have learnt much from Garreth as well as Andrew. They are 12 to 14 years older than me but they became what I might regard as close friends. I spoke of Garreth earlier

as being potentially dangerous - I was mistaken. He is no more aggressive than any other person.

Returning fills me with sadness - I had got used to the regular lifestyle the excavation had given me. It had set the pattern of my life for five good weeks. I will miss this... I will miss the people and the challenges which were in my path.

I am reminded of a German adaptation of 'All quiet on the Western Front'. The soldier returns home but in his heart he is nothing but a soldier. He sees life around him and feels that he is no part of it. I looked around myself today. This city... this home feels so confined. I long for the open space that the hill provided. How I miss the excavation now. I must find another excavation...



Monday 7th of June.

Back after taking a day off due to illness. The Cairn is not really a Cairn. Sue was back. I hope niga gets the Package tomorrow. We have our faces in dirt all the time that we forget to look around the site.

Back at the caravan site, The Pikes organised a party. Tess, Rebecca, Simon, Nigel, Katia and of course the Pikes came over. I guess it was o.k but without Andrew and Garet there the Party would have died. As soon as Simon left the rest began to quickly leave.

Controversy struck the night when I foolishly opened my big mouth. I was somewhat suspicious that Katia and Nigel may be homosexual and I have been proved of it in a very uncomfortable manner. The question of sexual orientation was asked and I suggested that they behaved as they did because of choice. Nigel was furious

and asked me to follow up on this remark to which I replied that it was due to a cultural logic. (what I should have added was that it also involved psychological characteristics - learned behaviour formed by experience which leads to some kind of cognitive decision). I did not want to pursue this matter further when Nigel seemed so outraged. To tell the truth I kind of respect Nigel for his overwhelming optimism and I feel somewhat sorry for him as he seemed to carry a burden of suffering. Anyway Nigel wanted me to justify my position, to follow it up. By this time it was late to completely retreat - I halted and I refused to continue. Nigel persisted but I refused. They called me as following 'hypocrisy'. I know I had lost the case as soon as I saw Nigel's face and I only refused because if I had persisted I would have caused too great a stir and ruined my reputation for being a 'half' decent

bloke. I am ashamed that I ran but I felt that it was for the good of the whole. I don't want a whole lot of angry people on site. To tell the truth I don't want to anger these people - why should I when it is in all our interest that we all get along.

I am not ashamed by what I said. I know that this is the truth. People are ultimately choosers of their fate (in a micro social way). Those who are homosexual have chosen it after life experiences have led them to distrust the opposite sex or find them unlikely to be objects of sexual desire. I can't create a general rule because there is none - better to look into the 'individual history' to come up with the explanation. I admit that I do come from a certain moral standpoint but does that make my beliefs wrong?

What I deplore is the liberal lobby who are quick to mock things which

are 'politically incorrect'. They call us  
Fascist and other words of abuse. They  
claim that we are at the fringes of society  
and that we are worthless objects which  
create hatred and anger. It is not we  
who are at fault but them. They feel  
already so weak that they must push  
us around to be a joke. If I do not  
conform to their 'correct' thinking then  
I am laughed at. There is nothing I  
hate more than but being belittled.  
I will endure for now but only in the  
knowledge that I am correct.

I know Katie and Nigel see me as  
being too young to understand any thing.  
They explain me away in this manner.  
Well there is more to it than that. I  
know I am better than them when it  
comes to this. (I didn't really mean that  
- a foolish and inappropriate comment)

Tuesday 8th of June

Talked to Dr Hamilton in the morning -  
 (she talked to me to find out about my hen (H))  
 I asked about the project ring and enquired  
 how difficult it is to interpret the site  
 diaries when the Hawthorne effect is in  
 action. Since we know these accounts will  
 be read what we be writing with this  
 in consideration? Of course we make ambiguous  
 remarks which can carry different meanings.

At the site we were mostly spitting  
 away layers which represent the peaty  
 organic substance. It is at times difficult  
 to know how deep I should go so I  
 assume a cautious position and  
 remove small layers each time. I  
 would prefer not to destroy any evidence  
 at all.

We were introduced in the manner in  
 which to interpret post-holes. Basically  
 a group of circles which form into the  
 supports, possibly of the post. Funnily

we were shown a semi-circle on top of a rock surface as being a possible post-hole.

I continue to have some difficulty in

grasping this idea.



Garret was the

first in our caravan to criticise this point most vehemently. I myself will accept Sue's and Mike's interpretation that it is possible that the soil layer, supporting the post has been washed away. I will enquire further about this.

Furthermore we were shown an example of a possible rabbit warren. It was a circle



of a darker - black colour surrounded by a brown layer which continued roughly to

the down the slope and then

turned left. Garret later complained that the differentiation of soil might be due to the 'stream' of water that had existed before and because of the big puddle that existed afterwards.

Again I don't know but if the top layer had been removed again how could it be that such a layer was a rabbit hole - not a rabbit warren or a possible post hole - which it isn't. The problem lies with identification as always. How do archaeologists base their assumption. It is always on some material pattern which our supervisors believe these to be. In a way I am willing to trust them. but at the same point I listen to the valid points Barrett has made, if anything he has shown that some require a better explanation or below archaeologists come to an assumption than anything else.

Digging turf is o.k if we knew where we were to go towards. I have learnt to sample the soil using touch, colour and sound (to a degree) but it is not easy when we are told to keep the slope. Often I forget about this and I dig too deeply. Luckily my caution has allowed

me the fortune of not going too deeply.

I asked Mike about helping out with some of the leveling. He said to remind him of that. I made a mistake last time but I will learn from this and hopefully progress into something better.

~~We~~ I talked to Tess someone. We hardly appear to have any common interest apart from a possible wierd sense of humor. Annet commented, in the car, that when Tess smiles her whole face smiles but that is because she has a small face.

I am not being cruel - I personally think that she is very pretty - but her face is too round and it kind of gives that show of lacking experience and being somewhat naive. I didn't know such innocence existed after the age of 17.

A face like Tania's carries a stern character. One such as Tess' shows a love of life.

Both are good qualities. Sharon has one which shows her prominent facial



structure - striking - Her accent is difficult to place but I'd say it was from London and that she came from an upper class background (upper middle really).

Had Beans and Baked Potatoe for dinner, thanks to Carref and Andrew. Good meal. Tired now so I will sleep. Oh yes talked to Aiyar and Anish - doing well. Have had less than usual communication with Katin and Nigel. I really don't know what to say to them.

Wednesday 9th of June.

I was moved into a new trench today. Chriss is my new trench supervisor. At first I did not feel like moving - I preferred to stay at the place I already knew. But you know what, time goes quickly at Chriss' trench. It's amazing, it's not like we were talking all the time, or that we were working non stop, but time went quite quickly.

Chris' trench is set outside / behind house 39, Mike's was at House 1, so far they have had as many finds as at house Dne. We have four people working there, Chris, Ken, Tania and myself. Talked to Chris, very funny bloke - very good jokes. They hit you better because he has a aura of seriousness. This veneer disappears when he makes his jokes - these however are based on a discourse. Tania knows quite a lot about politics and world affairs but her views are <sup>not</sup> in a similar light to my own. I get the feeling that she is impressed by me - she was standing close to me and did laugh at my 'weak' jokes. I suppose that is a good thing.

To begin with we cleared the trench and then proceeded to clear it of any obtrusive stones. Photographs and planing were conducted when we were doing nothing, for the former, and mucklocking one section, for the latter.

Very sunny day, though bit windy.

Thursday 10th of June

Continued work at Chris' trench. We hatched away ~~the~~ into the Rab. Chris is a great supervisor. He lets you get on with the job after giving some direction. He does not look over your shoulder and scan for mistakes. It gives you some more confidence in what you do. However I do feel a bit split away from the rest of the group. I got to do some leveling yesterday.

Time still goes quickly but today I was very, very tired. I marked a three rock outcrop as the halfway point between the shed and the trench being dug by Chris.

Ken is a workaholic or a dogbody. He really loves his work so much that he has made his lunch hour into a half hour. Tania just follows this

and my complaints are called winging.  
 Ken says "Oh no, not making notes  
 we add". I can only smile at him while  
 I think - 'but the weather is so good'  
 why don't we just enjoy it. It really  
 gets on me that he is so eager to  
 work, day or night, when I am so  
 tired and just want to rest. He fits  
 into the mould of an 'ansrak'. Nigel  
 is always kowtowing. Yes sir, no  
 sir. 'I'm sorry sir' - what the hell is  
 this. All this behaviour of submission  
 is incredibly stupid. Something is  
 wrong with people like this.

Then there is Katia - like Nigel -  
 something wrong - Garret is leaving on Saturday.  
 For a week. Shame we all have a nice  
 thing going on here. I hope we don't  
 get a replacement in here. I wish we  
 all stayed the complete five weeks

Friday, 11th of June

I don't know why a simple thing had to be changed into a conflict. Garret needs to get to the station tomorrow morning at about 10.30. He had already told Sue on Tuesday that he needs a lift. Andrew was perfectly willing to give this lift and Garret had already said so. Well Garret went over to

Mike's today and said that Andrew would be giving him a lift in the morning. Mike was not pleased with this and said that Garret should get a cab. I know personally that Garret is not exactly rich - he works really hard to get his money over here in England. Every bit makes a difference to Garret and this he demonstrated on the first day when he did not get a cab and instead walked it. Mike later came over to our caravan and told Andrew that his helping Garret would fuck things up. I

am ashamed to say that I did not do as I should have and tried to quiet things down - should have offered some cheesecake or something. - Got Mike to sit down and have some tea at least - then discussed this so as to find a clever way out of the predicament we were in. Unfortunately I did not and the situation deteriorated, Mike only directed his attention at Andrew, trying to make Andrew capitulate (make him feel guilty and bullying him, as observed by Garrett and Andrew) Andrew was astonished by this and said that he would ~~use his~~ car, as he thought best. Mike stormed off during this....

I can't believe there was no word of compromise. Leaders should pay great attention to the needs of the people. They must try to accomplish goals in correspondence with the people. I must admit that

Mike's display would have led to a change  
 of opinion and action in me. I would  
 be bullied into it regardless. I am ashamed  
 to say it but I would have followed the  
 hierarchy. I have been thinking about  
 Richard - his comment on 'stupid  
 squaddies' is one which angers me - I  
 want to be one of these, what was worse  
 was that he claimed that he did more of  
 a useful service to the country than  
 the military man. what a load of crap.  
 Intellectualized bourgeois mentality,  
 this is what Richard holds. He acts all  
 clever and knowledgeable but this is  
 carried with an air of arrogance. A  
 distikable characteristic in anyone. I  
 hate all kinds of arrogance. This display  
 is a show of knowledge which as usual  
 is critical - and only critical, nothing is  
 built all is broken - well ~~may~~ be not  
 all - It's just like Tania actually.

There are not good leaders here - Chris I am looking into yet and Sue I don't yet know. Mike is alright most of the time - I personally have found him a good supervisor. Richard however is no leader and never will be until he gets off his intellectual high horse.

We went to the Royal Cornwall Fair and Poldstar today. The latter was better - The beach is wonderful even though ~~the~~ the sand sank quite deep at points and at others we had to cross sharp rock outcroppings, made of slate. Played with the Frisbi, absolutely useless at it - I couldn't throw or catch to save my life. The fair was nothing special. The sights and sounds were nothing much - I know now that I dislike the smell of most Animals - repulsive, I prefer dealing with plants. Simon was



with us the whole way. Good guy; like me mostly. Shame he is leaving next week, seems like one of the few decent blokes on the excavation.

Garret leaves tomorrow. I will kiss him. Today was a good day. I need to take photographs of my own, so as to remember these guys.

I get the feeling that we are being excluded by the others. They have interests that greatly differ from those of ~~my~~ our own. So far, we have never been invited to another caravan when they gather around each others caravans. These people appear to have separated themselves from us; I can explain this as being due to there being three of us when others appear to come as individuals. Today was generally every very good day.

saturday 12th of June.

Continued work at Chris's trench.

We believe, at least Chris does, that a significant feature has been found. Here a darker, charcoal filled deposit, cuts into the r.b., I myself am not so



sure how it has been identified. This is still to be seen.

Found a large stake circle with what appears to be a smaller circle within it. I don't know whether this is significant or not, still to be seen I guess when I poke around this area.

People don't like Richard much. They say that he is too critical and doesn't let you get on with the job. I am surprised to see so much dissent in the trench over this, even the experienced people do not like it. Man, did he look mean and angry today - I think he realises

what is going on, that others have been made  
 due to them asking to be moved. I am  
 curious as to what it is like in Richards  
 French - must experience this. People  
 don't like Tina much either. The problem  
 with both of them might be their bossy  
 nature or their belief in their own  
 intellectual superiority.

News arrived to the caravan with  
 Gurrat leaving. I was depressed for  
 most of the day by Gurrat leaving. We  
 had a great thing going on in this  
 caravan, why has it been spoilt - I was  
 so looking forward to that last week  
 when we would be together again. These  
 guys are the greatest people I have  
 met in a very long time. Tired now,  
 I will go to sleep.

Sunday 13th of June,

I look around and I find that I am still the same person...

We are sure that the 'Feature' is now an archaeological feature, the dark charcoal filled deposit goes down quite deep. I started today by deturfing the new trench with the help of Ken. Then after lunch I started sieving. Found pieces of slate and I was fortunate enough to get hold of some flint. Chris was pleased about it.

I don't know whether I feel part of the team right now but I believe that at least they have some kind of impression of me, unfortunately it seems to be slightly negative. I am suspicious especially in the case of Ken, I am sure that he has a negative image of me. I just feel that he thinks I'm stupid or something, it's as if he explains things very carefully as if I've never done anything before - looking down at me for some reason which Chris and Tania never

have done, Ken is a real hardworker. I can't keep to his pace, every time I'm there I think Ken works slightly harder, trying to prove that he is better, both as a worker and as an archaeologist. It is very condescending to find yourself in a position ~~such~~ as this. I dislike the way I am treated. I didn't want to say all this, I feel that I am being paranoid. However this distrust appears currently to be an innate characteristic which I have not managed to dispose.

Nigel is finally acting friendlier to me, I am pleased not to have alienated him to a great degree. However it continues in my mind that who he is must also be a deviant characteristic. This pales to insignificance with his other characteristics so I am perfectly willing to forget about all of this other part of Nigel. (a moral compromise which

I am not ~~friendly~~ very keen to have made Simon's character is an admirable one. He has that coolness that makes him an individual. He reminds me of some of my own qualities, and that makes him a friend in my book. I must keep in contact with him after the trip.

Bess has a strong personality. Uncompromising and clear. She knows what she likes and dislikes. I am in the shadow again because I held myself there... as always. She was really looking at Andrew today... she's gone, that's for sure. I will ~~one~~ more return to that pit, hiding myself and incapable of enjoyable activity. a stiff and reclusive individual. I dislike it only when surrounded by its opposite. This is where I began and this is where I will end. Life passes me as always as I walk along in this quest of mine.

Monday 14th June,

I woke up feeling alienated from everyone else. I believe I was depressed, though I refuse to admit this as a definite to myself. After yesterday's observation I am not surprised that this was the case. I believe it was brought on by Carre's departure and the arrival of Mike.

At the site I was moved to Richards trench. Reviews of Richards trench had been very bad and I was not pleased to be moved out of Chris' trench. We worked hard at Chris' but it was worth it. I felt as if you were doing something substantial which I couldn't feel at Richards.

Richard gave us an early pep talk - that is to myself, Mike and Roslin. It was just basic stuff about procedure. We had this talk some distance away from the trench - Simon was working

there at that point. Richard is very keen to have competent people working at his trench. I sympathise, but there should be some room to move. Richard likes to be in control of the situation for as long as possible, but he is erratic. This means that he is not consistent in the management of the site. He sometimes is busy working on the site while at another time he works off writing in his trench diary or walking around either clearing the area. I doubt Richard feels that he is in complete control of the situation. However I have no complaints about Richard. All I can say is that five people in a trench is too many. We could hardly move around today without bumping into each other.

I keep wondering why I was moved out of Chris' trench. Ken was getting a bit condescending, but the trench



was great and I was working as hard as I could to the best speed I possibly could without destroying any evidence.

I get the feeling that the people are making me angry. It again is that feeling of not belonging.. but then again hardly anyone talks during lunch.

Andrew's jokes and his insane questions are becoming a small irritant. I keep wondering whether there is a hidden message underneath all these statements. I found it very funny before but now its novelty value is depleting. I guess I am getting a bit paranoid but this is how I have always behaved.

Fay talked to me about something I said yesterday when she was asleep. At lunchtime Fay fell asleep, the day before she had been at the Bodmin exhibition and had talked to three people. I said ~~that~~ very sarcastically that the three people must have been very boring.

well Fay talked to me about this and said that I shouldn't write about it here ... Someone had told her (Sharon) that I made a very cheeky remark ... well ... I'm writing it any way.

Mike is a really good guy. He cooked dinner for us today. I would put him in the ~~upper class~~ middle class with a good education at a public school education. I have got used to him being here.

Katia has offered a free drink for anyone who goes to the pub at 9.30 PM.

I guess I will go. (didn't get the drink)

Tuesday 15th of June.

Continued work at Richards trench.

Clearing it out for all of the day so that any feature, should it exist, may be revealed. We looked for any possible post-hole features and any other features such as the small ditch found at the back of Chris' trench. Nothing like this was

found, unsurprisingly. I hope we get married or that we start a new French. Mike, my Laraine mate, agrees with me on this account. Richard is very eager to find something I believe too much so. We could do with a new French. That way both Rosilin and Mike may get the chance to look at the stratigraphy properly, to get to grips with other elements of excavation and at least learn something else.

Had a good day at the French though. We, Mike, Rosilin and myself had some good discourse going on with some good jokes generated. Rosilin is the quiet type...

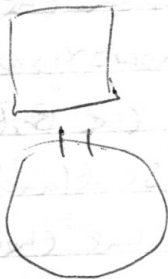
I made a big blunder yesterday when I asked her whether she was from the Republic (of Ireland), well, it shows how ignorant I am of accents of the British Isles, she was a citizen of Scotland.

I didn't feel embarrassed at that then and I don't now. What is worse is the naivety

that I demonstrated with Katia at lunchtime. I guess Swiss people don't eat cheese, Fouda with sunils. Of course I knew this, after all I do remember how Fouda was eaten in Asterix. Well at least I don't look that threatening to anyone.

Monday 16th of June,

We started today expecting to work at Richards First trench but hoping that we would begin on his new trench. Well our prayers, at least mine, were answered. We, Roslin and I, began deturfing the trench in front of ~~the~~ horse one. I have to get the dimensions - I should say the soon to be trench. Well when we began it was approximately 9.30 am. Roslin worked hard. She was working harder than me for most of the time.



~~entity~~

We talked about all kinds of things. I started all the conversation. She has some strong beliefs and also a boy friend, which she made clear - (Funny that, I admit she is pretty and all that) - ... twice... She has a beautiful accent... that's for sure. Anyway she showed early on that she was quite tired... heavy breathing and some resting. We continued until lunch. After lunch she looked as if she was asleep or just resting, being the idiot I am I did not ask her if she was o.k. I grew worried when I got <sup>back</sup> and started work with Tania and Katie (newly moved and temporarily) and she did not. I suggested that one of us find out ~~how~~ ~~where~~ whether she was o.k or not. Katie got back from the lunch house and said that Rosilin did not want to come back as she was too tired. I reported this to Richard who was pleased

that it was he who was told about this. (Rosalin did not work for the rest of the day). There was a small ruckus on this issue in our trench. I should have been calmer but unfortunately I was not. Richard felt that this was the case - I was p-ricked and said the obvious. Well Rosalin was brought back to the site with the help of Rich Tania and Andrew Mayfield. Andrew constructed a small shelter using his waterproofs and Rosalin stayed in there for the rest of the day. Rosalin looked O.K. that night.

I talked a bit with Katie. I was very impressed by her knowledge of the military and her experiences. ~~that~~ Katie has some force of character which makes her a stronger personality. Something about her stands out... this I must find out.

Rosalin appears to have a superficial fragility which hides a possible heavy temper. I only noticed this when I talked about politics and privacy... she felt very strongly that personal lives and dealings of individuals should not be open to public scrutiny - public revelation. Katie was worried about the defunding. She was unsure whether she could and had done it properly. Rosalin on the other hand went for it. Katie has some form of fear of authority... she was worried that she will be shouted at if she disappears... that is looks for Rosalin. (I am glad that one of us was sent to recover her)

That night I had a conversation with Mike on what I write on my diary. He writes about the landscape which I hardly write about. To me it's always there and something you could enjoy

at certain moments and get used to  
 for most of the time. He writes mainly  
 about this which I am uncomfortable  
 with writing here. I prefer ~~a~~ study of  
 personalities ... to understand them in a  
 way allows me to understand my own  
 position. Mike was curious about this  
 and he asked me these things. He is  
 a better archaeologist than I am,  
 and ~~was~~ probably many other things,  
 probably. A very good bloke ... I will  
 get to know him better as he has  
 a personality which tries to get along  
 with people - Mike never makes you  
 feel uncomfortable.

Thursday 17th of June.

Andrew left in the morning without  
 even waking us up. I wish he had at least  
 done this. I feel somewhat disappointed with  
 this. I believed he was at least going to



saying bye. However - he is not leaving for good which is just great - I am pleased to know he is coming back.

At the site I helped Dr Hamilton with the phosphate analysis. We took samples from the ~~rock~~ outside which required the following.

- ① Writing on both sides of a bag about the site code (LW599), the sample number, the colour (related to Mn-oxide) and the PH.
- ② Finding the colour
- ③ Collecting a soil sample which fills in approximately  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the paper bag.
- ④ Placing a tag ~~at~~ where the sample was taken.

This was then written in Mike's folder and given a context number - basically how that soil horizon relates to other features or stones.

afterwards I went back to Richards trench. Unfortunately Katie was not working there. Andrew, Mike and Rosalyn were not knowing Andrew properly I did not attempt long drawn out conversation or jokes when Andrew was around.

The Phosphate analysis was a boring job - well at least taking the samples were - I must admit that I did not wake up that morning with total confidence - after all I was slightly surprised by Andrews sudden departure. Dr Hamilton showed great patience with me. I was surprised that she did not actually shout at me for some early stupid mistake - O.k I was so nervous that I kind of misunderstood her. I got faster and more confident at what I did as time went faster.

Richard is an O.k bloke - people are too critical of him at points - he is

to an extent too methodical and because of this he sometimes slows the process down a bit. However, he does have the ability to take some ~~from~~ bitter jokes which is pleasant - He can turn things around which is great - Some recognition is due - His manner however is totally eccentric. His 'Ahhs' remind me of my 'Umm' - not sure of what he is doing or saying and worried that he may have got it wrong. Mike and I joked about this that night.

Tess' party (Tania cooked Lasagne while Tess made the dessert) was O.K. Mike made sure I went for it. It was O.K. Andrew, Andrew and Ken became slightly drunk. I don't know whether this means anything or not but Tess sat down next to me making sure that she touched me closely - you know just scraping against you - this she never did with Andrew who ~~she~~ clearly liked

her. I ~~was~~ helped Tess do the washing before this - which Andrew saw and insisted be his job instead (I let him take my place - I really don't care). I have to admit that Tess is probably the most beautiful girl (for her age) at the site. She is just a site to look at with her beautiful blonde hair - Wow!

We went to the pub later on and she ~~and~~, Rosalyn, Louise and at times some others danced. What a sight - I was tempted to dance (Andrew and Andrew were already dancing) but as always my fear of what embarrassment this would lead to prohibited me from actually doing this. I wish I had danced with Tess - she is the most stunning girl I have seen.

Friday 18th of June

Woke up at 8.45 am so that I could help Simon with his stuff. Unfortunately Simon was leaving that day. I get the feeling that Simon could have been one of those people I could have called a good friend. Right now I call him a friend. Gary came to the bus stop at about the same time we reached it.

We left on Nigel's 'rough Willy' Tour' at about 10.30 PM. I went in the car with Louise - who was driving - ~~Plus~~ Katie and Rosalind. The journey was quiet for the most part - how sad. If Andrew was driving we would have had a great laugh - what a great guy Andrew is - with Gareth they make an explosive combination.

We first went to Tintagel. Castle was o.k. Very little left of it. I made my usual bitter jokes - picking on things so that I could make some snide comment.

Tintagel is a great place for sights. The climb at points is steep but when you reach the top you can observe the surrounding area - especially the sea. Closer to the seaside the sea is green but looking out to the sea it turns blue. With the sunlight it is a sight to be seen. I wish I could have been by myself to look at the sea meeting the sky on the distant horizon but unfortunately I was not.

Tintagel is a small town which ~~attracts~~ attracts tourists - both historical and possibly 'new age tourists'. There were two shops there that tooked after the interest of these 'new agers' and those other curious tourists. I felt 'sick' inside them - There was a strange 'smell' similar to all ~~the~~ the temples and churches I have visited. Here it was a sweet smell. The shops sell ceramics of weird things - dwarfs, and other figurines, and other toys.

Saturday 19th of June

Carried out more phosphate analysis.

~~As~~ I am very pleased to think that they, Mr Hamilton and Mike, see me as a competent student. I must say that I don't feel that confident. I try my best to work as hard as possible missing out sometimes my break or shortening. I feel very responsible but at the same time I feel a burden on myself. I am aware that my actions are influential on this project and I fear making mistakes. Naturally responsibility means exactly this but I guess I am trying to explain the difference between learning about it and knowing how to handle it with some ease. I actually taught Tania how phosphate analysis was carried out - I tried my best not to sound ~~pat~~ condescending or to be too dull with the process but I feel that I did not capture Tania's complete attention - My fault for failing to

make it sound good but I also feel that she was not that prepared to listen to me. But then why should she? she is older and more experienced than I am and so is she not in a higher state than I am? I suppose I am being too suspicious of the people around me, whether they trust me and how they see me. This paranoid side of me has made me miss many opportunities. Maybe I should just go for it and not care what people think of me. A great dilemma.

Most of the day was spent carrying out phosphate analysis. I wish I could be faster doing it but I have always been slightly too slow. I compensated for it by working longer hours - missing out ~~my~~ ~~break~~ some time in my break and my lunch hour. I felt guilty that I was not faster doing it. However it was not guilt alone that drove me. I also



enjoyed the knowledge of working when others were resting. I suppose it is a sense of power or of strength. You are working when others are resting. You don't need much rest while others do. Rest is for those who are 'novices' while 'veterans' don't. Following the supervisory example.

Following the Phosphate analysis / sampling I worked at Richards. Fred A. Richard was working there with Eleanor Formost of the day. He had lost a lot of people from his authority. I wonder whether the complaints lodged against him have resulted in this loss of 'people power', after all the more people under you the ~~more~~ higher up you are likely to be in the hierarchy. Richard is a decent bloke - I made some comments about him that I take back now. He is not completely arrogant although he is possibly too forward. Some

subtle talk might be of greater suitability. However this depends on the person you talk to. I personally dislike subtle statements that leave me in ~~the~~ unsure of what is meant. I prefer people to be slightly more forward to me - as in "could you get this or that rather than 'we may need this'". I suppose when people say something like that I can't get it through my head that they actually want something.

Returned back to the caravan site as I had left in Louise's car. with Mike and Tess. Doesn't feel the same as when we were in Andrews car. what a difference - People so quiet listening to the tapes being played - what irritation; that music keeps playing in my mind at the site. I wish it would stop. Can't wait to hear some proper music such as Wagner, Beethoven

Mozart, Prokofiev, Dr. Dre, Snoop doggy dog, Duran Duran, Alpha ville and my favourite right now the James Bond themes. Louise and Tess - sometimes Mike singing along to the music. I wish I could do this but it makes me really uncomfortable. I must also complain that we are using the short walk these days - The longer walk is much more interesting - It has more contours and to me it carries more memories than this 'lame' short one. There's hardly anything to be seen on the short walk, and it carries no attachment emotionally. I want it to go back to normal - I hope Andrew will go for the ~~short~~ long walk.

I helped Mike cook dinner. His idea was brilliant, Marvellous taste. Chicken ~~was~~ made with some Chinese 'tomato' sauce - spiced of course and with Onions, Carrots and green peppers.

We ate outside and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Then I asked him a few questions of what he believed in. He holds on to that illusion of love - He believes that one day he will find 'true love'. Good luck to him - I have already chosen to ignore this fallacy and do what I must in this one life.

He of course complained that we were going too deep for any conversation. I accept I am guilty for doing this but then probing like this is a very interesting thing to do. Mike has far greater experience of life than I do. Ben again just about - no everyone else has far greater experience of life than I do. He is only 19 and already he has qualities and skills that I lack and will never probably find. Of course I am jealous of this - I know it to have been my own fault but I like to

explain it away saying that maybe he is richer than me and that he did not have the 'bad' lifestyle I had. However I know that what I am doing is making an excuse for my own failings - always finding an excuse for my own faults.

Mike wasn't very happy when I beat him in three games of darts. He is and was better than me but somehow luck was with me and I had confidence about my abilities. Mike soon went back to the caravan saying he needed to make a call - I forgot to explain why I was ~~was~~ pissed off with him slightly. He cut his finger preparing the meal and I suggested that he put it in some ice. Well I didn't know he had first-aid qualifications and he told me that he was a qualified first aider making 'remarks' on my previous suggestion. Well I was slightly pissed

off that he said that. He made a big deal about it and cursed a bit too much for my liking. In a way I was hurt that he ignored and attacked my suggestion. I am older than him after all so I should be in a better position. Then again that is a lot of crap. Why should being older mean you know better - after all there is only a difference of one year between us. It means absolutely nothing.

Talked that night to Andrew Loader. I could not believe that both Andrews were after Tess - well I knew about Andrew Mayfield being after Tess but who could have guessed Andrew Loader was. I had earlier been suspicious of Loader - still to be seen I suppose. Tess looked a bit disturbed that night. She appeared as if she disliked what was going on. I am not that surprised if she feels confined when

all the males approach her and want to be with her. She probably gets a kick out of it at times but right now it looks like A. Mayfields continued pursuit has possibly depressed Tess slightly. I get the feeling that Andrew M has wanked Tess out for himself and he looks at anyone who approaches Tess with glaring and angry eyes. He asserts his influence and command of Poor Tess. I suppose this is possibly a misinterpretation. This too is to be seen.

It can't be helped Tess is really pretty and everyone would like to go out with her but even though I feel this damned push I have managed to keep a relatively safe distance. Always stayed away from these things not because they don't matter but because I don't know how to handle them.

Garreth arrived today at about 10.00

P.M. I was slightly drunk when I met him as he was getting out of the car but. I was really happy to see him. Great to know he is back - what a difference this will make. However he will probably spend a greater amount of time with his friend Jane Garvin - Oh well at least when Andrew gets back we will have those jokes between men once more. I was waiting for Kenneth at dinner - I had already cooked him pasta with spaghetti sauce - This was Mike's and my meal for the night. It good to have him back in the caravan. Met Mike Wilmore - He remembers me.

Sunday 20th of June.

A bit depressed today. I find the position I am in very uncomfortable. I see people around me that I know but who I can't call real friends.



I am ~~again~~ angry at them - The knowledge that they are better than me does not help. Not only are there social skills better but there also on a higher skill, ~~and~~ intellectual and emotional level than I am. I feel trapped in a way. Who I am is not really that good and I can't, or won't, do anything to change my ways. My philosophy is taking its real and practical consequence - life is work followed by death, the end - what a depressing state. What makes it worse is when I realize that I am lacking (the qualities) that make life pleasant for so many other people. This drives me to look at others with greater paranoia than usual. Are they seeing me as an idiot? do they even care? or do they even know that I exist. I am 'good old' and 'decent' Benjamin who does the 'right' thing always. This

I do not disagree with but it's just that I am not as funny as Andrew, as smart ~~as~~ and knowledgeable as Mike or as good in conversation as Gareth. I don't really exist for most of these people. I just do the right thing and then I disappear. 'Good ~~old~~ old Ranjuna' - (what a disappointment I am to my own self) - I wish the world would sometimes go away.

Worked on Richards Trench in the Morning - ratcheting away the peat so as to get the Moor humus. Also cleaned this afterwards and Richard as usual wanted me to elect it in a different way to what I had done. Well now I know that he wants methodical work to be carried out not quick work. although he prefers it to be quick. I think Richard actually noted that I remain with him (with Mike and Sue) however with the shortage of

people Mike refused this - besides 'French' (was going to be planned).

Worked on Mike's trench after ~~over~~ break. He was removing rocks and getting us to clean up the mess methodically, checking for any possible finds. Gareth found them all - Mike came second I believe. Don - 60 years old, retired and President of the SAS. (I still can't believe that) was also in our trench - the house. Didn't really get to know him any better - just know his name. I am being very bad here - Thinking I am some kind of veteran who doesn't have to get to know these people. (What idiotic behaviour) I will try harder to get to know them tomorrow. I am sadly being too aloof these days maybe it is just the way I feel right now or just this creeping arrogance but I must get to know them instead of retreating into my shell.

Garrath was in our car on the way back as well as when we went to the site. Felt somewhat happier so I talked a bit more attempting to make cynical jokes. Just like Chris I need some discourse to make jokes and in larger groups I refuse to make much conversation or jokes - (also depends on who is there)

I must make some dinner for a group of people. ~~This with~~ The reason for this is nothing but to impress people and to get a few individuals into this caravan. Garrath was talking about Burgers - I think I might be able to make something better with minced meat.

Back at the caravan site we all had separate meals then (after taking our daily showers). I as usual stayed quiet. I don't like talking much when strangers are around. After twenty minutes I left for the Pub to make some phone calls. Unsurprisingly the phone ~~books~~ were

busy. So I left to Katia to find out how she was. She feels better but still she is not well enough to be on site.

Unsurprisingly the topic of Richard came up - Katia ~~go~~ dislikes Richard but this I believe is only because Richard failed to recognize that Katia was a 'veteran'.

She is an experienced excavator and does not require any ~~a~~ demonstrations on the basics ~~but~~ she ~~do~~ only requires instructions.

Richard might be criticised for speaking without thinking - I believe that this is either brought about by some arrogance (he does not care what other people have to say) or he is naive about his own behaviour (he does not recognize the strength of words, ~~then~~ uses them without thinking). I don't really care much about this. Richard seems like a decent bloke. He is learning to supervise and in some ways we must give him a chance. I understand why Katia

Feels like this but I also think we should give Richard a chance.

Katie is reading *Brave World* - I asked her about this and she ~~was~~ said that she found Terry Pratchett books 'difficult' to read. She advised me to read *Dune*. Maybe I will. I can't get her thoughts through 'body' reactions. Well in some ways she likes me - well she did trip me when saying that I should read *Dune* - then she withdrew. I think she must have realized what she was going to do. doing. She began to write her fieldwork notebook shortly afterwards - what a notebook. Shows she is a very organized person and to an extent very determined. However she has decided to keep some distance - my fault as well.

Monday 21st of June,

Every night it is the same old thing. I go out to the pub and get drunk.

It is not to the extent that I fall over and can't think or write properly but to the extent that I feel slightly light-headed. I used to never drink - well hardly and when I did I drank very little and hardly at all. I fear that I am getting used to the taste of beer. What is this? I used to hate the idea of drinking at all - but now I hardly care. I drink at night but I work very hard at the site - I must say that I thoroughly enjoy this routine.

Worked at Mike's trench (A) today. We removed the clumps of soil that were left over from the removal of the stones. I tried out my froweling skills but compared to Tess I feel that my section was not as clean. Mike said that I was doing a good job considering that there were so many stones but I know that I could have done better.

I found some slate and a large piece of ~~the~~ quartz. Not really a good day considering that I did not find the pottery or the flint that was found. I so wanted to find the pottery. However I knew what my role was. It was to clear the area and as always, I follow the rules.

I feel that my crowding technique is improving. I must keep working at it so that I end up with the cleanest surface. Oddly enough Mike (carver) and I talked about this in the pub. Jess, Mike and Gareth must comprise of the best crowders at site. I must become as good as they are.

Met up with the new people - Aron, Tom and ? (forgot). Talk too much about the people in there own year - too much about sex. Very odd but



this is because these are the experiences that place them together - that define them. Aaron holds the center of attention - The storyteller, as Mike calls him - Mike says that he feels jealous of these qualities - I don't see why when Mike can do so well by himself. He actually wanted to know how I felt - whether I felt alienated from the group. Well I don't care much about these things - I am always quiet when I am surrounded by a group of strangers - not counting Mike and Katie of course. Katie again ~~touched me as she~~ tripped me on the leg saying that for some unknown reason I was ~~so~~ too robotic - no, worshipping order. I agree I do like this order.

Tess was strangely asking me to me today. Why? Somehow I think she feels close to me why else would she

be talking to me. I admit she has a good laugh and some kind of distance and appreciation that makes her special. She is probably the best looking girl at the site. (I say this too often). Curious about why she was so close to me in the car - touching me - felt a bit warm - knowing that she was next to me. What game might she be playing? - or am I incapable of understanding women - what a shame if the latter is true.

The arrival of Mike's friends may be seen as leaving some of us longer term residents in a position of anxiety. Mike agreed with me on this. ~~He~~ I believe I myself see these new people as a threat to the system already organised. They are a new element which to me is quite unpredictable and carries the potential of disrupting the status quo. In a way I wish they

had never arrived but I believe that the feeling is always present when there are new arrivals. However here we have ~~two~~ Three new people with three-four people already established. ~~the~~ Some of us are bound to feel threatened when there is such a strong group.

Talked to Dr. Hamilton about my phosphat analysis - she said it went well. Then we talked about the site itself. I said that I would miss the site once we finished. She agreed and told me about one last ~~site~~ observation on the site when we ~~was~~ had the final walk from the site.

Tuesday 22nd of June

Woke up miserable. I get the feeling that my two flatmates are picking on my 'unlabeled' nature. I agree that for the most part I dislike all

aspects that represent the 'elite'. Mike is definitely a product of this 'elite' and if anything, Carreth would appear to want to be part of this elite.

Went to the site in Mike's Van. I was in the back with Tom, one of the new people, I cracked jokes of going to prison. Well it did feel like that when the doors at the back shut - with those metal grills the view to the outside was blocked. Well it doesn't matter - The ride was bumpy (the music - Southern Jazz) fill the prison scene - but it was enjoyable. I did miss the opportunity of being in Louis's car - in the back. Carreth and Louise at the front.

Tess, myself and Mike at the back. What a blow when I heard that I would go in the back of Mike's Van. I so wanted to go with them that

morning especially when for some reason I felt very miserable that morning. Probably to do slightly too much drinking that night.

At site I worked on House 1. Mike found some Pottery - So did Garreth. Unfortunately I only found some slate and some Quartz - Good enough I guess but I would have been really pleased to have found some Flint or some pottery. However I realize that the point to excavation is not to find 'stuff' but to collect as much information as possible - Still it feels wrong/bad not to find anything.

We removed a spit from house one of approximately one inch (I can't get used to these measurements I prefer cm) It started off with one inch but we probably ended with one cm or less. Some squabbling and physical

discourse went on at the end of the day with Rabin complaining that I was taking up too much of her space. I was only trying to make sure that we were all going at the same speed. Something Garrett failed to carry out with his 'rushing' down the trench. I admit that he is fast but I sometimes wish that there was greater cooperation at the Trench. Garrett's attitude sometimes piss' me off (I write this the next day as I didn't finish it that night. And I carry some bias in this 'episode'!).

Went off site and I came in. We went to the closing exhibition (to do with Bodmin floor 'stone world'). The archaeologist mostly hangs around the food. I did not walk around much at all - just ate and drank. Sat next to Ted and Mike. However...

I was too depressed to converse much with either. I get into these stupid and self destructive moods sometimes - even when I could pull off a success I sometimes push myself to failure. Ted enjoys the company of Mike - I can't compete with Mike - He has better jokes, is more lively and is in touch with what 'young people' like and do. I guess I felt that since I have no chance I might as well fill myself with the momentary joys of depression.

Mike and Sue decided to leave earlier - Even the Vicar went to a funeral (lucky guy). I listened to Jack's succinct eulogy and Chriss Piller's overly long one - Nearly slept through the last (I am not saying this out of some awareness that someone is going to read this) I enjoy anthropology

However I do not enjoy what Christ  
 is doing (I see little point). The  
 Riders back was fun. Susan and Mike  
 talked to me and I felt great  
 knowing that they would talk so  
 openly to a student excavator -  
 Oh yes - Nor not floor (stupid  
 mistake due to ignorance)

Back at the Camvan site Mike and  
 Gareth were discussing the issue of  
 Cornish nationalism. I sometimes wish  
 I had the gift of clear communication.  
 I failed to make my point, relying  
 too much on 'moral' language rather  
 than clear facts. They dismissed my  
 point quickly and correctly. Wince  
 (I could not make a strong enough  
 point). They also believe that there  
 is no true democracy just because  
 the majority does not vote - and the  
 remaining is a sense of injustice.



the views of the majority through the  
 vote. They don't offer an alternative  
 and claim themselves not to be  
 democrats. They are individuals who  
 dislike the idea of giving up their  
 fractions for the good of society.  
 I know I am being biased here but  
 the notion of such behaviour is  
 somewhat repugnant. Where is sacrifice?  
 Where is pride and honour? I don't  
 like people who stand only for their  
 own benefits. I fear I might pick on  
 these aspects to create further problems  
 with Mike and Garrett. It is  
 incredible I feel a tug of division.  
 I must resist and do what is right  
 for all of us. It will be my fault if  
 any trouble occurs. (Can't help being  
 pissed off with them to some extent.  
 Do I feel threatened or am I jealous  
 of their social skills?)

That night I went to sleep early - well 11.30 PM. If Andrew was there we would have slept by 11.00 PM. (I am surprised at the stability Andrew brought to the caravan). I went to sleep as I woke up - miserable. To an extent I was also feeling slightly angry. I could feel it welling up in me. So easy to turn despair and grief into anger. I hoped that the early sleep would cure me of what I was feeling.

Wednesday 23rd of June.

There are six basic perfections in Buddhism.

1. Perfection of giving
2. Perfection of Patience
3. Perfection of Vigour
4. Perfection of meditation
5. Perfection of morality
6. Perfection of wisdom.

These perfections form a possible basis for enlightenment - They are the first steps towards it and the beginning of a long journey - which according to Buddhism ~~may~~ might take countless lives.

My relation to the dog is that I found myself writing the perfection on my palm during the ride to the site. I was traveling with Louise, Jess, Mike and Larneth. The last three were at the back of the car. In a way I was happy that this was the case. It gave me some solitude while reinforcing my suspicions of their betrayal (these of course are products of my overly paranoid mind - I accept them - doing something about it is another thing). Journey to the site was quiet. hardly anyone spoke and I felt happy that no one did. (I know that this is some kind of sick

pleasure taken from the knowledge of others suffering). It was on the way to the site that I wrote the ~~most~~ six perfectness on my hand reminding myself that with them is my mind. I may concentrate on what needs to be done instead of starting something that might lead to trouble.

Wanted to the site by myself - praying that no one would approach me and start talking to me. The only thing I wanted was some solitude so that I could ~~not~~ experience my address. I knew and to an extent I still know that I have lost. Toss me off walking with Harriet. I cursed to myself about Harriet's self confident manner and how easily he befriends with people. I at a point cursed Harriet for these 'better' qualities. Like was not far off from my mind when I

did this. This situation is unbearable. It is ~~what~~ responsible for this misery I feel. The knowledge that I can't do anything about it and due to my self imposed rigidity that I won't do anything about it. Off they were walking slightly ahead of me at the beginning - The distance grew longer as I made sure that I walked slower. 'Who cares?' I told myself. Few is out of my reach and will always be. It is better this way anyway (How cleverly I try to justify my position). It is this that drives me to follow ideals but for the most part are abstract to the individual - making me into this unrecognizable 'thing' that is out of touch with most people.

The site work was very slow - The rain arrived at times (though never as bad as in the first week) and when it

did not those damned ridges begin to  
suck our blood. I decided to put  
waterproofs on and keep them on.

We partially refilled French B. I carried  
rocks with Angus, Ted and Kate while  
Lyneth, Leonard and Tom carried heavier  
stones at first and then refilled the

trench with soil. I ~~don't~~ don't know  
how to behave around Ted. As I never  
show much emotion for the most part  
and I am sure that she is losing  
interest in how sad - it is not my fault.

If I could stay in half decent condition  
or make her laugh I would have a very  
well - lost it.

What kind of curse is this? My rule  
is not to get locked into an emotional  
side. I hate those things that make  
us feel like that - that make us become irrational.  
I wish I could stick it in the back of  
my mind and forget about it. I am

that I will when I leave site.

Then I worked in Mike's trench, mostly cleaned it. People said that the day was dull - I ~~ea~~ felt the day was the same as any other. What was so dull about today?

I wonder whether it was the company - the monotony of the day or something else like the depressing weather. Sometimes I remind myself of the perfections - it was my comfort for the way. Driving out the despair that momentarily rose in me.

Day ended quite late - 5.30. Normally  
would end the day at 5.15 approx.

Found a lot of people, including people  
bringing around the dining table waiting  
for their waiting person. People were not  
'lost' as you would be in a hotel.

209. I have seen several birds with light  
brown legs. They were very common.

\_\_\_\_\_

1. Principles of the Constitution

the wheel barrow. He had it loaded with too much dirt so and dropped stuff on the way. I...

He got tooled (I arrived with him). Andrew complained that the tools were in the wrong - the 'senior' and 'junior' toolboxes. Andrew mentioned that the tools should have been there. Well, it might be the fact that the tools were in the wrong place or it could be Andrew's suspicion that he was over Ego. He was trying to assert his authority and I was the target. Foolish. I did not respond in the correct manner - I lost my position due to incorrect interpretation.

I decided on the way back to buy Andrew and Andrew a drink. I felt sorry that they were feeling threatened. I bought four people their drink that night. Andrew's suspicion was missing.



from the pub but I soon noticed why that was when I went to get him. I saw Andrew talking to Tess from the outside of her caravan. I decided not to reveal myself and walked back to the pub. That - cheerful night playing a few games of pool. A Mike and Kenneth decided to go to Port Isaac with Jane and Louise. I didn't feel like going with them, I had a bit too much of their company and needed to explore the other groups at the caravan site. The perfect ones were no longer on my palm.

Thursday 24th of June.

Today began as miserably as any other day. I got up knowing that I was very close to alienation with Kenneth and Mike - However I felt that was police and right to do. My disgust was further by Kenneth's talk of

this and that. Garrett is a 'wise guy'.

He likes to show that he knows just about everything - when he starts talking about anything other than what he knows and would never ask questions about things as I generally do. Characteristically rather than a listener.

In a way, he likes to dominate the conversation - not so much most other people. At the same time, however, he talks away with his reputation of being a chatterbox. After ten minutes saying 'Oh shut up' - just mumbling of course, but not to the first few faces. On the way back to our hotel, I don't think that everyone will be kissing their (Aunt's) and most were trying to get close to these guys. I believe that Garrett definitely feels threatened by being still with people. In a way, this is a very common trait of a person who is

to know everything now and won't be able to hold everyone's attention. I feel very guilty about this - I consider Kenneth a close friend (close enough), well sort of so he called a friend)

I was fighting the whole day to overcome a stupid emotion in regards to Jess. I felt weak and somewhat rejected by everyone - still I maintained some outward calm. Jess' presence was not helping at all but somehow I managed to eradicate this 'stupidity' from myself for the night & the day was not good at all - I stayed quiet, did my work and had small naps during the breaks and during lunch.

I get the feeling that both these and Kenneth are involved in some sort of problem, possibly need. I really care to them enough that I am sure that they are both suffering from this, that morning

Amir asked me if I was O.K. Gurati was next to him and I had just got back after a visit to the toilet.

I tried my best to pretend that I didn't know what they were talking about.

Katia really pissed me off today. I admit that I was the one to start it by saying that what she claimed to be good novels (can't remember the exact word) - no, good literature, was a load of bullocks. Then Tess (we were sitting) said that Katia had written in a book to which I said that anyone could do that. Katia and Tess asked me to tell a story so I told them a Jataka story about the arrival of Buddhism to Sri Lanka. That they wanted was a tale up to me, which I could not produce. I felt that spontaneity, but missed some people

so characteristic. Katie called me a big  
pretender. This was the first incident  
and it only fed my growing dislike of  
Katie. Then afterwards I was sitting  
with Katie when Laureth dumped his  
bucket next to mine (the one without  
a handle) and took my own. (This  
later, in a few minutes pissed me off).  
I decided to take Katie's empty  
bucket (I should have thought about  
this a bit more) and walk off. Well  
Katie was not pleased and shouted at  
me to return the bucket. Everyone would  
now think me being unfavorable to  
any conflict I decided to go back and  
return it. I really was angry at  
this point and near to telling Katie to  
F\*\*\* off. I didn't though, instead  
I humbled myself and took the verbal  
beating she had given me. (Should have  
told her to F\*\*\* off really). I can't

stand her - she goes on and on about a load of shit, is too orientated to talking about sexual matters (don't she have any shame at all). If there is anyone I could claim to dislike it is probably her (loves very very close to sometimes). I am beginning to dislike some people - I hear the call for more space so that I can escape their monotonous discourse.

That night there was a small party at Andrew's. Andrew was seriously drunk. All of Caravan Seven (Tess, Jane, Louise and Tania) attended with a few more individuals from various other caravans. All of us from Caravan 15 also attended - when Mike and I got there we found that it was too crowded so we decided to sit outside with Katia and Marion. It was very boisterous inside. Andrew, Tess and Patrick were running

around and dancing. I refused to join in.

The Party in Andrews was broken when John Watkins, the proprietor of the caravan, broken up the ~~car~~ came in and warned those inside that they should stop. Well we did, we moved to the pub.

People from the excavation were already in the pub dancing. It was here that I noticed the 'closeness' between Patrick and Tess. I started to swear to myself, at this point I was slightly drunk. I guess Tess is playing a sort of game herself and before that she was at that stage of flirting. I agree she does try to attract the eye of people (well maybe not, she is quite striking anyway). What I can't believe is how Patrick (I keep using that language after that word) managed to carry himself so easily. I swear I will remember that long for a long time (not in any good way of course). However

something good did come of this. No longer do I find an attractive quality in Paul. In fact I now can just about manage to think of some distasteful characteristic. However, is this some kind of way that I use to cope. I believe that it is, - it is like the Fox and the grapes. Too bitter for me, not impossible to reach. Kenneth and Mike were talking about this quality the next morning, Kenneth seemed to have reached the same conclusion.

I myself was 'smashed out of my head' that night. The drink assured that I danced (of course I was literally carried off by Tom and Richard to the lower floor) However, while I was there I tried to maintain control by paying attention to what was happening around me. The other people seemed not how they behaved



and of course with whom. Somehow I made sure that safe control was maintained.

When I sat down & drank again and started talking about Buddhism, I still sort of remember what I said. I was talking to Steven, Angus and Louise. I can't believe I talked so much nonsense. However I don't feel ashamed as nothing I said was rude or incorrect. I just hope to see that I'm some kind of utter.

Dugged off to bed by Mike and he under the orders of the first year, vomited twice (how sick especially since I had to clean up the stain on the curtain) Still feeling the effects (Feeling).

Friday 25th of June.

Felt very skired and ill when I woke up. Mike and Gareth woke up first

as they (Louise, Jane, Katia, Harreth and Mike) decided to go off to Padstow.

I had decided the day before not to go along by offering Katia my seat. At the time I wanted some distance from Mike and Harreth, and I wonder why even now (27th June). I guess it is something to do with their overpowerful character - that is their continuous joking and talking and holding the center of the conversation always and placing me in the periphery - revealing my inferior social character. Anyway I had to get some distance for my own good as well as theirs.

In the morning I did the washing up and talked, outside of Andrew's (being) with Andrew, Richard and Ted. Ted held some distance from my 'serious' conversation with Richard. The more I talk to Richard the more distant

and pleasant person. I see no reason why people could dislike his character. In many ways he reminds me of myself... but then everyone has some characteristic which could be linked to mothers.

Tess was aloof... but then she must be assuming the role she must play. I wondered what it was that drew Tess to Patrick. Was it some kind of authority that Patrick had? Was he in a position that made him desirable - I don't know and neither does Garrett (surprisingly). Sharon also turned up and talked mainly with Richard - I remembered just about everything that happened the night before. Talking to Sharon and Angus (+concerned on my inability to communicate (or was it?)) and my success in only saying four of the six perfections. Mike and Garrett left at about 11.00 PM, just before I started talking to Richard and the others.

That day was marked with me being

late for just about everything - For example I was late for the lunchtime meal at the Masons Arms (in Lanchester) arriving at about 3.00 PM, when everyone else was leaving and the lunch's were over.

I found myself a small dinner - Tiffin? - and had myself a Omelette and some milk shakes. The Omelette would have been fine but I felt slightly queasy and sick. I could taste the raw eggs in my mouth, this thought made things worse. Spent the time reading writing my journal and looking out of the window.

Went to the park (opposite) after lunch. Read Robert Jordan etc. I tried to get some sleep. As always I got that half sleep which did not cure my tiredness and left me groggy and queasy for the return home.

I decided to get myself some but-vit, Russell. Went from the shop at the

(certain site) and play with whoever wanted  
 to play. Andrew and Ken were the first to  
 play. Apparently Ken was part of a badminton  
 team while Andrew (L) played regularly. I  
 was not impressed with their playing. They  
 did not move around much and missed  
 too many times - then again I did I to  
 the net. Badminton is like fencing...  
 The racket is moved swiftly by your hand  
 so as to defend your space. I enjoy the  
 ability to take leaping moves - that is  
 jump around and the times fall so as to  
 feel that you are doing something. Kenneth  
 joined me later that day. I am very  
 impressed with his ability... For a beginner  
 he shows much promise.

All at Ken's. Happy to have been  
 invited over for dinner. The Andrews are  
 very good people. Andrew II is interested in  
 the wing which is a common point of view,  
 W). They have collected fossils from the

hill, stringing them together to form a long chain of bullets. The reason behind this being to beat Mike (supervisor) as he has the most bullets. I was dragged along to help them out with this bullet collection by making a long chain of bullets.

Andrew II and Andrew I are close friends. They have their own 'world' to which they may revert to, especially in terms of experience. I felt for the most part left out of the talking but then I am always left out of the conversation. I don't mind especially since I know longer live about this aspect.

The day ended better than it had begun. I still felt somewhat disturbed but not as much. Praying Roberto, with Garrett and his wife so we can watch the sunset and have a good dinner. I still don't look back as my long in history when I am troubled. I don't

as if I am in my own world - observing  
what goes on around me but always  
standing back ... waiting ... watching ...  
understanding. (I only say this out of  
my morbid characteristics)

Saturday 26th. of June

Woke up slightly less miserable than  
usual. The effects of my alienation  
were clearly diminishing. I feel that  
this was brought about by a suspicion  
of other people and the awareness of  
some social inferiority. I was very happy  
to know that Andrew would be back  
today ... right at the end of the Tunnel  
and a return to the good old days  
when both loved ones and I were present.  
I spent the day in distance from  
all close relations. I deliberately kept  
away from people - especially some  
people. I was alone by myself.